

can be easily solved without those antics that are rustic, and without the display of a wealth of words, to which Miss Eahan treats us. It is long as anything so bad has been seen on the stage, as a fault-piece of comedy. If Mr. Day will tone down Miss Eahan and modify Mr. Oria Skinner, "I can't sense" ought to draw for some time to come.

I saw "Twelfth Night" yesterday. Mr. Irving has improved the last two acts of *Julio and the Emperor* and plays the steward and his miseries in a less undramatic and tragic key. The letter-reading scene is drawn out beyond reason and far beyond what ought to be found in text or stage direction, supposing the latter to be authoritative. Pray take notice, Mr. Irving. As it is now, your point is not when delivered because your audience has long since anticipated it. The facial play of the scene of all, with its suggestion of overstrain, contempt and real dignity, is a fault. I think Mr. Irving has decided. Miss Marion Terry has undertaken *Foia* for some ten days, having undertaken it almost literally at a day's notice on account of her sister's illness. Her rehearsal has been done in the face of the public. In the circumstances criticism may well be lenient, but Miss Marion Terry's rendering has enough character and charm to be judged on its merits. It is without reminiscences of her sister's business methods, is deficient in force, and less vivacious and sparkling than the original, but intelligent and sympathetic throughout. I should say it is qu-

A Boston doctor cures black eyes. This is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth a dozen cases of medicine.—(The Graphic.

Enquirer asks : " What do insects live on ? " Does mostly.—(Boston Post.

Robert Bonner, Mr. Turnbull says, feels the extension of a small check like \$100,000 hurt. He says that if it was that big, he would try to build Dr. Hall's great Presbyterian church in Pittsburg. Mr. Bonner speaks with a North Irish accent. His general publication is a standing Nemesis to his namesake, Bishop Bonner, who made it so warm for the Marian martyrs. Here is a man who can burr all the fast and costly tortures in the country from the profits of a story paper. Yes, we may say that the man is a little bit of a bookworm. He was a man of great good sense. It has to be remembered that Greene, Marlowe and the rest thought Shakespeare was an impostor. The man who wrote the Arabian Nights was not even mentioned in the news-papers. Old Mr. Stultification thought he had killed the bookworm. He was hardly read, and he was not a bookworm. He was a man of great good sense. A voluminous ink-consumer named De Vega boasted the eliquie a century ago. Honest old Cervantes probably thought he read De Vega's inferior. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., made more money for his publisher than any American author. His literature that which the great multitude importunate to the private property of a few authors and their parasites I could teach patriotism. The first paper, Cobb's

All one can drink. The Saratoga Vichy water has a good sale and shows that a genuine alkaline water, if such could be discovered in this country, would possibly displace Saratoga. Goat is increasing rapidly in this country and attacks those of temperate climes. It is now believed to be a disease of the lungs and of people oppressed by the heat and damp occupation, whether from industry, business or grief. The Congress Springs was originally bought by Mr. Sheehan, who married the well-to-do daughter of Dr. Clark, for something near \$220,000. His chief competitor was the Empire Spring, with which it was consolidated on the basis of a 50-50 split. The Empire cost \$700,000 and was sold to the Congress. The former was controlled by a paper manufacturer at Rock City. Hotelkeepers, the gun and shell man, agreed to take at a certain price a fixed amount of the water for a period of five years, and he afterward committed this into a purchase of the stock. There are 10,000 shares, occasionally sold in the market at about 25. The proceeds are from the leading Saratoga waters. The barrel-loads are from the Congress. French Vichy water is retained here by the case in three or nearly three galls, for the same price as galls of Saratoga water.

It is the custom in Nuremberg, on Thursday and Saturday evenings, for a party of thirty or forty persons—usually men—to assemble about a long table in the spacious dining-room of the Old Post hotel; and then and there discuss the issues of the day, principally those connected with local history and literature, and also with politics and county wine. There is a presiding officer, and a scribe, the duties of the latter being to preserve in a record-book the names of the members present, and the topics discussed at the expense of some other, the Herr Traileporter—the instructor of Latin to the youth of Nuremberg—presides. He is a versatile genius, can speak English, French, Italian, Spanish, and even on occasion demands, and in each exercise. It is only rarely in Germany, in fact, that one finds thus at all most any chance gathering such a degree of musical

SEVERE ON THE AMERICAN NAFT.

FROM TEXAS SIGHTING.

Said a gloomy man to his friend:
"I am overwise withal to doubt, 'I'd thrash myself
into the water, 'out I lose courage. If I'm in luck
to the world."
"Why can't you enlist as a sailor on an American man-
of-war?"

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A WIDE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

From Texas Sighting.

"I have been going around all day, and now
I am tired," remarked an exhausted seaman.
"You are not like a whale, are you, ma?" asked
Tommy.
"Why, little boy?"
"Are you tired at all when you go around, but a whale is tired
before he goes around."